A SHORT STORY BY RAY BRADBURY

# THE Nation

October 10, 1953
20¢

*by C. P. Fitzgerald*

The New Chief Justice — *An Editorial*

Sex Without Love — *Hadley Cantril*
A Review of The Kinsey Report

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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# Around the U.S.A.

## Whitecaps on San Diego's Air Waves

*San Diego, Cal.*

FOR San Diego, Paul W. White is distinctly unique. He is the executive news editor of Station KFMB-TV-AM; conducts a nightly radio program, "KFMB's Editorial Page"; speaks his mind on local issues; wages editorial campaigns; and wins more often than he loses.

Unique? In San Diego, yes. For this city, with a population of more than 500,000, is on an editorial diet supplied by the San Diego *Morning Union* and *Evening Tribune,* both owned by the Copley Press. Both newspapers are Republican and conservative. Rarely are the people treated to anything "on the other side."

The local radio stations for the most part use news programs lifted or rewritten from the daily papers. White and his station, however, have taken advantage of rulings by the Federal Communications Commission which permit bold and factual broadcasts on matters of significance. If a subject needs visual presentation, White uses TV; he sometimes adopts a town-meeting approach on a special telecast.

Good radio news coverage is not a new activity of White's. In 1930 he established the C. B. S. news bureau, which rapidly became and is still a model of network excellence. It was under White's supervision that Elmer Davis, Edward R. Murrow, Bob Trout, Eric Sevareid, Charles Collingwood, John Daly, and others brought the finest kind of radio journalism to the American home.

In 1946 White left C. B. S. to write a book, "News on the Air," which has become a classic of its kind. After finishing the book he delivered a lecture course at Iowa University and made an exhaustive survey of its radio news service for the Associated Press. He joined the San Diego *Daily Journal* in 1948, going to KFMB in 1950 after the newspaper was sold and suspended.

• Recently White took on the navy. An obscure sixty-two-year-old flute player, charged with having belonged to a subversive organization, was turned down for a job as a musical-instrument repair man. The navy refused to identify the accuser or the organization. The flute player went to the daily papers, which did not find the story worth editorial comment, White forced an investigation, and the flute player was cleared.

Restoration of rent controls to San Diego in 1951 was one of White's biggest victories. Under the pressure of real-estate interests the City Council had taken off controls two months after the outbreak of war in Korea. The action was not warranted by the economic facts. Under the war's impetus San Diego's aircraft industry was booming; new workers were flocking to the city; rents were spiraling. The City Council and the daily press took an ostrich-like stance—even though in several columns of classified advertising people pleaded for a place to live.

White rode to a radio rescue. Week after week he pounded home the story of rent-gouging. Washington acted. Tighe Woods, then director of rent stabilization, in a letter to White gave him and his station credit for a return to controls.

White doesn't win them all. He is always attracted to a lively scrap, likes to take a lost cause and give it a whirl. Passage of a new regulatory dog ordinance was virtually assured. Many of its features were commendable, but White likes dogs and was determined that no one should infringe upon canine rights. He lost the day, but he and his listeners had a lot of fun.

White is a liberal but does not always agree with other liberals. Take the case of Dr. Harry C. Steinmetz, a psychology teacher at San Diego State College, who for some twenty years had been the town radical. There was no shred of evidence that Dr. Steinmetz was or ever had been a Communist, but the reactionary forces took pot shots at him for his extra-curricular activities. White presented the teacher and his accusers on TV. Then he campaigned vigorously to get Governor Warren to kill a bill aimed solely at Dr. Steinmetz. The Governor did so, and Dr. Steinmetz still teaches here. Did White agree with Steinmetz? Not at all. And White made this clear even while he was defending him.

A Chinese-American war hero had his home saved for him by White. This veteran, an aircraft-company employee, was ordered evicted from his apartment in an otherwise all-Caucasian neighborhood. White put on a radio and TV campaign and scored again. Oakland-born Bee Gee and his family still live at the old address.

Through his radio editorials White resolved a dispute between the medical society and the Red Cross which had threatened to wreck the blood-bank program here. He won another victory when the Professional Golfers' Association refused to permit Joe Louis to play in a golf tournament here two years ago. White entered the ring and delivered a one-two radio punch. Louis played in the tourney, and progress was made toward racial equality on the links. At present White is pitching for an old protégé, Commentator Chet Huntley, who is embroiled in a fight with the Los Angeles Board of Education and the *Herald-Express,* a Hearst paper.

For San Diego, White is a refreshing editorial radio breeze—a breeze that might become a hurricane.

WILLIAM SOMMERS

*WILLIAM SOMMERS is a California newspaperman.*

## Did We Double-cross the British on Atomic Energy?

Read the brilliant account of Anglo-American relations with respect to the development of atomic energy by Richie Calder, science editor of the London *News Chronicle,* to appear in

NEXT WEEK'S *NATION*

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EDITORIALS

# The Shape of Things

## Hooray for Decontrols!

Recently the *Wall Street Journal,* in an editorial review of the eight-month record of the Eisenhower Administration, expressed gratified surprise "that so much had been done so soon." Eight months ago, it declared, "this country still lived in fear of further inflation," while "there were government controls upon almost every action a man could take in his work. . . . Today the controls are gone and in very fact forgotten. We are beset no more by the fear of rampant inflation."

The editorialist who stuck out his chin in this fashion deserved the jolt received from the monthly report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics published only twenty-four hours later. This showed that between mid-July and mid-August the consumers' price index rose for the sixth successive month to reach a new high of 115 (1947-49=100). Decontrol of rents last spring in the face of continued housing shortage explains why shelter costs accounted for a significant fraction of the rise. Less understandable, in view of the general decline in farm prices, is the higher cost of food. But recent reports of food processing and retailing concerns indicate that in many cases profit margins have widened since price controls ended.

It is doubtful, therefore, whether the average housewife shares the *Wall Street Journal's* joy at the disappearance of controls. As far as her domestic budget is concerned, inflation is still here. Paradoxically her husband, if engaged in one of the numerous industries now laying off workers, may be beset by fear of *deflation,* just as are numerous investors judging by the trend of the stock market. Unhappily there are historic precedents for this contradiction, and it may be well to recall that in the past retail prices have sometimes held firm long after production and employment indices started to crumble.

## Rules for "Brainwashing"

South Korean officials have angrily protested against the shooting of several anti-Communist prisoners who tried to attack their Indian guards and start a mass jailbreak. These objections are natural enough, though one wonders if the protesters were equally disturbed last year when pro-Communist rioters were shot down by American and South Korean guards. We suspect not.

In defense of the Indians, however, and of the neutral commission in charge of repatriation, it should be said that they are carrying out a difficult task with great courage. The Indian troops must keep order among men admittedly whipped into a state of total defiance by their own leaders and by Syngman Rhee's press and ministers. Moreover, the commission must withstand constant attacks on the rules it has laid down governing the persuasion of captives unwilling to go home. American officers have flatly condemned these rules as a surrender to the Communists. They object particularly to the provisions that prisoners must attend explanation sessions, that the Communists may speak to the prisoners separately as well as in groups, and that sessions may be conducted eight hours a day six days a week.

These protests come easily from the side that has only about 360 prisoners to persuade and seems in no hurry about doing so. But the Communists must cope with 22,600 recalcitrants within a ninety-day period of which three weeks have already gone. Any plans for individual pressure or "brainwashing" will be severely limited by the time available. The danger of intimidation will be further reduced by the presence at explanation sessions of representatives of all the nations on the commission, any one of whom may suspend a session if he feels the explainer is using improper methods. All in all the objections of the U. N. command seem to us without substance, calculated not to improve procedure but to encourage resistance among the captives and increase the difficulties of the neutral nations—especially India—in carrying out their important and thankless assignment.

## More Give-Away

The Administration has now begun to spell out the real meaning of its new public-power policy. Speaking in Fargo, North Dakota, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Fred G. Aandahl broke the bad news that the electric-power rates of public agencies will be increased. The purpose is clear. As public-power rates go up the private utilities will be in a better position to compete—at the consumer's expense. In five years, Mr. Aandahl predicts, the differential will be largely eliminated—by simply

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hiking the rates of public power. To justify the increase, two factors are cited: the inflated costs of recent projects and the necessity of allocating a larger portion of power revenue to irrigation costs. In this way, of course, the Administration hopes to win farm support for its new power policy. It is also clear that the Administration intends to undercut the legal preference accorded public agencies in the sale and distribution of publicly-produced power by delimiting the "reasonable market areas" within which the preference prevails as well as by reducing the spread between public and private rates. The effect will be to discourage the formation of additional local public distributing and consumer units. In analyzing the new power policy for our readers in the issue of September 12, Barrow Lyons pointed out that it would result in a prompt increase in rates. Mr. Lyons was a fine prophet.

### Foreign Minister Bevan?

Our London correspondent writes: The extraordinary unity shown by the Labor Party at its recent Margate meeting can be explained only partly by Labor's conviction, bolstered by the British Gallop poll, that victory is virtually assured them in the next election. Under such circumstances it was natural for compromises to be quickly and easily effected: the Bevanites yielded on domestic issues, the moderates on foreign affairs. But few of the party leaders and almost none of the delegates knew of another and perhaps more important element which enabled the two wings to get together. According to this correspondent's understanding, the moderates really sealed Bevan's support at the congress by pledging him the foreign ministry when and if Labor is returned to power.

# The New Chief Justice

THE new Chief Justice will take office to the accompaniment of a chorus of acclaim, and his confirmation may be assumed. Unfortunately we cannot join in this chorus, for while it is quite possible that Mr. Warren may measure up to the responsibilities of the office—in a Republican era New Dealers cannot be choosers—there are certain forgotten facts about his career which arouse our misgivings.

*ITEM ONE.* No one person had more to do with bringing about the removal of the West Coast Japanese during World War II—citizens and aliens alike; men, women, and children—than Mr. Warren, who was then Attorney General of California. In urging the removal of the Japanese, a measure which has been characterized as a constitutional disaster, Mr. Warren proceeded from indefensible premises. For example, he contended that the Nisei—the American-born and -educated generation—were more "dangerous" and suspect than the Issei, their




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Japanese-born parents. A more cynical appraisal of the effects of public-school education and of American cultural influences has seldom been voiced; he could only have had racial or biological implications in mind. Indeed, he made this quite clear when he told the Tolan committee: "We believe that when we are dealing with *the Caucasian race* we have methods that will test the loyalty of them" (p. 11015, italics added).

Pointing to the clusters of Japanese settlements near industrial plants and areas leased from private utility companies, narrow fenced strips running beneath high-tension transmission lines, he told the Tolan committee that the Japanese had selected these sites *because* they were well located for sabotage acts. As Attorney General, Mr. Warren was fully aware, since it was his responsibility to enforce the Alien Land Act, that the Japanese had been driven into the "crevices" and marginal areas to which he attached such sinister importance. It should be noted, moreover, that he was by this time—1942—a candidate for governor. But beneath this politically opportune use of a popular race-baiting theme was a clear personal bias. For example, in his first speech before the Conference of Governors in 1943 he expressed unalterable opposition to the return of the Japanese Americans to the West Coast and later warned the federal authorities that another Pearl Harbor disaster might result if the ban against their return were lifted. When the state Board of Agriculture, on the motion of Dr. Paul S. Taylor, adopted a resolution urging fair play, he promptly replaced Dr. Taylor. It may be that Governor Warren has outgrown these parochial views, but there can be no dispute that they were once his favorite themes. Not only was the removal of the Japanese a constitutional disaster, resulting in the dangerous precedent of *Korematsu* vs. *United States,* in which the Supreme Court upheld the removal, but it meant that the Japanese were strong-armed out of the West Coast produce industry—their creation incidentally—at a loss of more than $600,000,000. Nor have they ever regained their former position.

*ITEM TWO.* Those who want to learn something about the Governor's social philosophy should, in addition to exploring his views on the tidelands oil issue, read the brief that he filed as Attorney General in the case of *Edwards* vs. *California* (314 U. S. 160, decided in 1941). In this case Mr. Warren tried unsuccessfully to sustain the constitutionality of a section of the Welfare and Institutions Code which made it a misdemeanor for anyone to bring into the state of California an indigent person, knowing that person to be indigent. The case was a direct outgrowth of the nativistic agitation against Okies and Arkies and other dust-bowl migrants. Even Justice Byrnes of South Carolina, who wrote the opinion, could not accept the nonsensical sociology which Mr. Warren was spouting in this argument and brief.

The major pressure group in the decade-long agitation to keep dust-bowl migrants out of California—and to oust the Japanese—was, of course, the Associated Farmers of California. On October 21, 1939, a thousand or more Okies were holding a strike meeting in the County Park in Madera. The idea was that if the meeting was held there, in town, in full view of the authorities, it would not be broken up. Suddenly two hundred or more cars and trucks loaded with ranchers armed with rubber hoses, automobile cranks, fan belts, and baseball bats converged on the park and broke up the meeting. The scene was witnessed by: Colonel Charles Henderson of the National Guard, the local sheriff, and Captain Tores of the state highway patrol and fourteen of his officers. No effort whatever was made to protect the meeting or arrest the vigilantes. When a delegation from the American Civil Liberties Union visited Mr. Warren to ask him, as Attorney General, to prosecute the rioters, he gave them "a courteous hearing but did not commit himself." Nor was any action initiated against those who had broken up the meeting.

*ITEM THREE.* Governor Warren fought a bitter behind-the-scenes battle to block the pardon which Governor Culbert L. Olson granted to Tom Mooney in 1939 and as a member of the State Advisory Prison Board voted against recommending a pardon for Warren Billings. These actions were taken, it should be noted, in the last phases of the case. By then the facts were fully established, and the distinguished jurists and legal scholars who had recommended a pardon would constitute a fairly good sample of the best legal talent in this country.

The blunt fact is that until he became governor, Warren was strongly anti-labor. Subsequently his anti-labor bias softened and he became a skilful manipulator of certain leaders in the State Federation of Labor.

*ITEM FOUR.* When Governor Olson named Max Radin, for years a distinguished member of the faculty of the University of California's Law School, to the state Supreme Court, the conservative San Francisco *Chronicle* acclaimed Radin as "a distinguished liberal . . . with a high degree of judicial temperament and a passion for justice," adding that he should be confirmed "with no more of the scurrilous attack that arises from inability to distinguish between liberal faith and subversive character." Mr. Warren was the spearhead of this attack. It was his vote as a member of the Qualifications Commission that blocked confirmation. Pressed for an explanation, Warren told the press that Radin had once written a letter to the city attorney of Stockton urging clemency for eighteen state relief-administration employees who had refused to answer questions before the Yorty committee (which later became the Tenney committee). During his many years in office Warren has maintained a



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wholly remarkable silence about the Tenney committee, easily the most inept and vicious of the various state un-American committees.

What of his attitude on the loyalty oath? As an ex officio member of the Board of Regents, Warren opposed the oath but for reasons which reflect little credit on him. It was the Governor's great friend, President Robert Gordon Sproul—he had placed Warren's name in nomination at the 1948 convention—who originally *proposed* the loyalty oath. Warren did not oppose its adoption. To be sure, Sproul thought that the regents might head off the Tenney committee and safeguard the university's budget by adopting such an oath; but the responsibility for the oath was his or his subordinates. Later, when the faculty revolted, he reversed his position and tried to undo the damage he had done. Warren then had no alternative but to support Sproul, which he did, not on the broad issue of academic freedom but on a narrow technical point. And Walter Gellhorn notes that when the tide which the faculty revolt had set in motion in 1949 began to recede with the outbreak of the Korean war, the Governor's enthusiasm for academic freedom ebbed with the tide. He found it quite consistent, indeed, to sign a measure imposing a loyalty oath on all state employees, including faculty members (see "The States and Subversion," by Walter Gellhorn, 1952). Incidentally, *after* the fight on the Regent's oath, Raymond B. Allen was appointed to head the University of California at Los Angeles. It is a fair inference that both Sproul and Warren concurred in the appointment. As President of the University of Washington, Allen had set the post-war campus witch hunt in motion in 1948 by taking disciplinary action against certain faculty members.

WHAT the public does not understand is that the Warren who emerged after 1942 is quite unlike the earlier Warren. On its face, this might indicate that he had grown or changed, or, again, it could mean that he was impressed by the Democratic registration which outnumbered the Republican in California three to two. Whatever the reason, the transformation was indisputably the handiwork of Clem Whitaker and Leone Baxter, the well-known public relations team which managed Warren's campaign. After 1942 Warren was regularly photographed splashing around in the Pacific with his numerous brood during the annual grunion run in Southern California. He was never photographed unless he was smiling. He began to hobnob with popular "celebrities" and to show up at Toots Shor's on visits to New York. The six children, notably the three girls and particularly "Honeybear," became well known nationally; the Governor seldom traveled without them. This new Warren is clearly one of the great public-relations triumphs of Whitaker and Baxter, but they did not approve of the mild liberalism which the Governor adopted as part of his new ensemble and it was not long before they broke with him.

The problem which the new Chief Justice's fascinating career presents is this: which is the real Warren? Does he himself know which of the two faces is really his? What values would sustain him in a moment of great crisis? His three basic values would seem to be the sanctity of private property, the importance of social conformity, and a great respect for the law. Warren liked being district attorney and attorney general; he always cooperated closely with the various bar associations; and his prestige among California lawyers is high, for he has appointed many of the state's judges.

Although the new Chief Justice comes from a working-class immigrant background, his sympathies have never been with labor or the underprivileged. He has always identified his interests with the upper middle class. Contrary to popular belief, he formerly belonged to the Knowland-Cameron-Chandler right wing of the Republican Party in California; it was only after 1942 that he began to act like Hiram Johnson. He lacks intellectual distinction. His speeches, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, are lectures on good government "studded, with homilies from Abe Lincoln and Edwin Markham." He is neither a great lawyer nor a legal scholar. Nor does he have a well thought-out social philosophy. He is diligent, honest, patient; always cautious, he is a middle-of-the-roader less by temperament than by calculation.

These are not bad qualities, surely, but are they the qualities of a great Chief Justice? Has Warren really discarded the biased racial views he held as recently as 1943? Has he outgrown the immature and parochial philosophy he expounded so clumsily in *Edwards* vs. *California?* His reputation as an economic "liberal" stems almost entirely from his advocacy of a compulsory-health-insurance plan which a leading California historian has pointed out never had any likelihood of enactment, given the composition of the legislature. Not one major social reform was enacted in California during his three terms as Governor.

If one had to describe Warren in a sentence it would be that he is, and throughout his entire career has been, an expert professional politician, just this and nothing more. And the qualities that make a man an expert professional politician are not those most needed in a Chief Justice. Moreover, those who know the Governor will find it difficult to discard the belief that he will remain the professional politician on the court. Will he, like his predecessor, attempt to use the Chief Justiceship as a stepping-stone to the Presidency, on which he has had his eye since 1936? Reports persist of the President's ill health, and the Republicans might find it difficult to accept Richard Nixon as their leader. In such an emergency might not the genial Chief Justice be able to achieve his ultimate ambition?



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J. Alvarez del Vayo

# Little Europe and Big Germany

*Paris*

THE Rome conference on the proposed European Political Community had very modest results. It was agreed that the Parliament of a unified Europe should be chosen by direct popular vote and that its flag should be fifteen gold stars on a blue ground. More important political problems will be decided by the foreign ministers when they meet at The Hague on October 20.

But the Rome conference did indicate the great obstacles that must be surmounted before the idea of a united Europe can become a reality. Since it is a goal that in the next few years will increasingly dominate European and Atlantic policy, we may well examine its multiple aspects and review the progress that has been made toward its attainment.

Before World War II the project was linked with the name of one of the most imaginative of French statesmen, Aristide Briand, of whom the witty permanent secretary of the Quai d'Orsay, Philippe Berthelot, once said, "He knows nothing about anything but he understands everything." But it was the suffering of a Europe which had been divided and conquered by Hitler, country by country, that breathed life into Briand's concept and led people to dream of renouncing national rivalries and pooling the resources of the devastated Continent. Another man of imagination, Winston Churchill, took up the idea, and ever since he proposed it as a solution for Europe's ills in 1946 it has ceased to be regarded as a vague and romantic notion and has attracted steadily increasing support. The battle between the partisans and the opponents of unification will reach an acute stage in France in the coming weeks when the question of a European army comes up in the National Assembly.

Already a number of political and economic bodies have been created or planned to implement the idea: in the political sphere, the Council of Europe, consisting of a Committee of Ministers and a Consultative Assembly; in the economic sphere, the Schuman Plan, or Coal and Steel Agreement; in the military, the projected European Defense Community incorporating the European army. All these are the product of what became known in 1948 as the *mouvement Européen,* a carefully articulated international organization which in the following year chose Churchill, Blum, and Spaak as joint presidents. At the same time a *Conseil National* was formed in each country, and a *Conseil International* was set up. A *Comité Exécutif* was made up of representatives of all the participating countries and of the various groups working for unification. The pact of Brussels was signed in February, 1949; a conference in April of the same year was dedicated to economic questions; another dealt with education.

SINCE THEN the proponents of a united Europe have held meeting after meeting. The most ardent of them, men like Spaak, Sforza, and Bidault, have concentrated their efforts on making the Council of Europe a political "authority" —a body "with limited functions but real powers." At the annual meetings of the Council and Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg, which has become the symbolic capital of the future Europe, national interests have frequently clashed with the "European" point of view. As private individuals European politicians may eloquently defend the principle of unification, but when they speak in the name of their governments, they must be more cautious. This necessity has given rise to long and bitter debates between the Assembly and the Committee of Ministers.

One source of controversy is the attitude of Great Britain. In spite of Churchill's sponsorship of the original proposal in 1946, the unity which the British desire for Europe is of a much looser kind than that widely favored on the Continent. It amounts to hardly more than voluntary cooperation among governments, whereas many Europeans advocate a federation exercising real power over its member states. Foreign Secretary Eden, before his illness, tried to reconcile these opposed views by proposing that the Council of Europe should have the right to bring into being and control such institutions as the Schuman Plan and the European army. And the session of the Assembly which has just ended perceived a ray of hope in the statement of Mr. Nutting, British Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, that "Great Britain was disposed to associate itself more closely with the European army than with the coal-and-steel pool." In London, however, the remark aroused violent protests, even from Conservative papers—the *Daily Express* went so far as to demand Mr. Nutting's resignation; so apparently his enthusiasm for the E. D. C. is not shared by the rank and file of his party. The Labor Party of course made its position clear at the Margate Congress.

While the efforts of the past seven years to bring about the unification of Europe have not had the great success claimed by the leaders of the movement, they have not failed as completely as its enemies pretend. The stage of theoretical discussion has been passed, and progress has been marked by a number of concrete accomplishments. The coal-and-steel agreement began to function in August, 1952; the Council of Europe and the Consultative Assembly meet regularly. The complicated question of how a country could hold elections for a European Parliament without violating its own constitution was tackled at the recent Rome conference, and a plan was worked out for presentation to the foreign ministers of the six E. D. C. countries when they meet next month at The Hague.

The issue on which the European community is at present most sharply divided is that of the European army. The split has been deepened by the last



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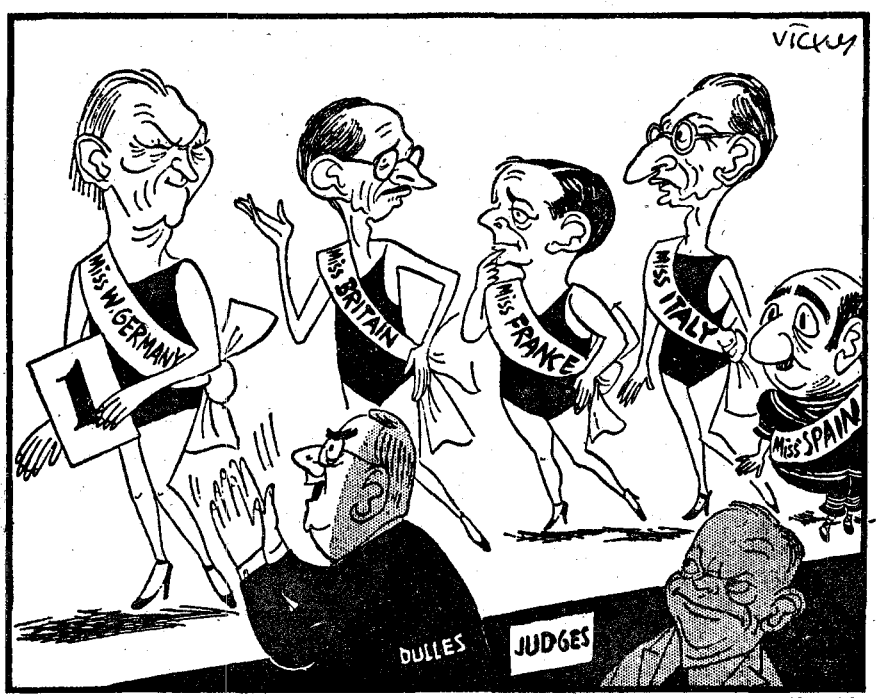
Soviet note. As *Le Monde* put it: "Despite hypocritical regrets expressed here and there, no one really had hope that the Big Four conference could come to anything. Since Adenauer's victory, Washington is less inclined to compromise than ever. In the U. N. last week, Schuman committed French support to Mr. Dulles. And England must find it premature to reveal its weapons on the unproved assumption that the Conservative cabinet is in accord on Big Two policy." The present situation is one of complete deadlock. Russia will not agree to the Western proposals. As *Le Monde* notes, the Soviet Union could nevertheless have accepted the proposed conference not in hopes of reaching an agreement—"inconceivable so long as the United States demands concessions without yielding any"—but to play upon the latent differences between Washington and its European allies. This, according to *Le Monde,* the Russians did not want to do.

Among the Westerners, only Churchill is determined to try anything to avoid war, whether it be by conference of four or five or seven. But at least many Frenchmen are hesitating about further antagonizing the Russians by putting before them the *fait accompli* of the European army and the rearmament of Western Germany.

At one point Guy Mollet, secretary general of the French Socialist Party, said he and his party would vote for ratification of the E. D. C. treaty by the French Assembly. His statement was published with big headlines in the whole Western press, but almost immediately Mollet himself pointed out that it had been given a false emphasis. He explained that what he had really said was that in view of the closer cooperation between Great Britain and the E. D. C. foreshadowed by Mr. Nutting his followers would vote for ratification provided a political community of limited powers was established. Apparently Mr. Nutting's remarks had convinced him that British troops would be stationed in France and that France therefore would have nothing to fear from a European army. It is very doubtful, however, that this expectation will materialize. As for the political community, it is only in the making and cannot be the basis of any immediate decision. In any case M. Mollet could not commit the French Socialist Party.

Among the Radical Socialists the veteran statesman Edouard Herriot, president of the Assembly, is now taking the offensive against the European army. In an interview granted to the *Journal de Genève* he declared that while he did not reject the idea of the E. D. C. he was unalterably opposed to the treaty which the Assembly is asked to approve.

The followers of General de Gaulle are exploiting his hostility to the treaty as a means of restoring him to popular favor. Gaston Palewski, vice-president of the National Assembly, has asked publicly whether the French government at the Hague meeting will "let France become part of a supra-national entity dominated by a Germany twice as strong economically and with a much larger population." Other Gaullists have insisted that a united Europe will be a "Germanized Europe." While Adenauer may use a moderate tone at present, they are convinced that in two to five years he will be pushed by forces within his own party to try to extend Germany's present boundaries. They think that Russia's increasing strength in aviation and atomic weapons will deter Bonn from a sally toward the East, to recover the lost provinces, and cause it to look westward for compensation. Germany's desire for revenge, they fear, will lead it to cross not the Oder-Neisse but the Rhine. It will give up Upper Silesia and East Prussia and seek to regain Alsace-Lorraine.




Courtesy London *News-Chronicle*

*Miss Europe, 1953*

THE ENEMIES of "Little Europe" are beginning to do some figuring. If the election procedure proposed by the Rome conference is accepted at The Hague, France will have only 70 of the 208 deputies in the "European Chamber," or lower house, and only 21 of 87 senators. The decisions of the European Executive will be imposed on France.

The problem cannot be considered in the abstract, nor emotionally—many noble spirits are fired by the thought that a united Europe might be the first step toward a world government. The French are fearful because in seven years a prostrate Germany has risen to be the most influential power in Western Europe. They admit that Germany conducted itself very discreetly at the Rome conference—though with the self-assurance of the real winner—and they expect it to do likewise at The Hague. But even today, when Germany is only half a country, when it is occupied by foreign armies, when it is not a member of the United Nations, it is beginning to direct European politics: everybody waits to hear what Adenauer has to say; Adenauer receives Secretary Dulles's highest compliments. What, then, will limit Germany's dominance in "Little Europe" when it is in full possession of its powers? If this question is not kept in mind, the meaning of the present controversy will be completely missed.



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# PEACE TERMS

## For the Far East . . . *by C. P. Fitzgerald*

*Canberra, Australia*

ALTHOUGH many intractable problems in Central Europe still divide the Communist and democratic worlds, it is only in the Far East that the cold war has been blown hot and the two sides have met in open conflict. Three wars, in origin quite distinct, have raged along the coasts and frontiers of China; the attempts now being made to settle the most important of them, the war in Korea, raises the question whether any such settlement can endure unless the other two conflicts can be brought to an end. The Chinese civil war is now reduced to skirmishes along the coast, the passive defense of Formosa, and the somewhat unreal expectation that at a future date Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist forces may invade the mainland. The war in Indo-China, in origin a rebellion against French colonial rule, has gradually assumed the character of a war between China and the West waged at second hand, through the agency of the Associated States and their French allies on the one hand and the Viet Minh supplied by China and Russia on the other.

In all these struggles the parties opposed to Communist China would have succumbed long ago had they not received the increasing support of the West. All the wars have become wars against "communism." But communism is not a country; in terms of political reality all these wars are wars against China, and ideology apart, their objectives are to sustain Western political influence in the Far East. The problem to be solved if a lasting peace is to be established in East Asia is how Western political and military power can coexist in that region with the phenomenon often called "Communist aggression" but more realistically conceived as the might of resurgent China.

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The West cannot find in East Asia reliable allies who will sustain the cause of democracy, because to many Asians the defense of democracy seems to be only a cover slogan for the maintenance of Western domination. Nationalism should be the main antidote to communism, but in East Asia the two forces tend to join hands in common opposition to Western influence. The West is thus faced with a dilemma: if armed force is used to oppose the power of China, which is equated with Communist aggression, Asian nationalism reacts against Western intervention and grows sympathetic to the Communist side; if the West leaves "Asians to fight Asians," there is no certainty that they will carry on the fight at all, or that if they do, it will be for ends which suit the purposes of the West.

Peace in Korea, if achieved by the talks to be held at Geneva or elsewhere, will be based on what amounts to the partition of Korea, a prospect which the South Koreans can only be constrained to accept by the presence of United States forces in Korea. If South Koreans were left to fight North Korean and Chinese Asians they would not accept any such settlement. Similarly it is certain that Chiang Kai-shek would not freely renounce his hopes of returning to China and accept the establishment of Formosa as an independent republic. This solution could be imposed by the U. N. if it were regarded as a necessary part of a general settlement, but it could not be insured by leaving the Chinese Nationalist Asians free to fight their Communist brothers. In Indo-China, conversely, it is apparent that if the Associated States were left without French support to resist the Viet Minh they would speedily enter into negotiations for a settlement, which would be achieved at the expense of the French.

Yet there is no support in the West, outside a small circle of fellow-travelers, for the third alternative, which is retreat. If the West disinterested itself in the fate of Indo-China, Korea, and Formosa, all three would soon be under Communist control, and even if the actual rulers in Korea and Indo-China were natives the ultimate authority would in fact be Chinese. Chinese power would menace Japan, Malaya, and Siam. The neutralist states of Burma and Indonesia would gravitate to the same orbit; the West would be excluded from East Asia and cut off from its resources of tin, rubber, and rice. This would be a further displacement of power comparable to the Communist triumph in China. The statesmen of the West and the peoples they represent are united in their determination to prevent such a solution, which they rightly fear would produce further war rather than lasting peace. But on what steps to take and what policy to adopt in order to achieve in the Far East stability without surrender there is much less agreement.

THE REAL LINE of division is between those who, although in no sense Communists, would agree with Litvinov that "peace is not divisible" and argue that a settlement in Korea must be only the first step toward a general conference to settle all the outstanding questions in the Far East, and those who wish to confine the matters under discussion to Korea and its future and will not admit the necessity of considering the status of the Chinese government, the question of U. N. representation for China, or the future of Formosa, still less that of Indo-China. Although it would not be true to say that the nations of the Western bloc are divided along this line, it is evident that the two major political parties in Great Britain share the first view and that an influential section of American opinion holds steadfastly to the second.

Before any conference can hope to be successful the Western nations must make up their minds about what they are prepared to concede and at what



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point they are determined to stand fast. It is of the essence of our system that such decisions are taken not by the heads of governments alone but with the consent of the governed. Yet so far we do not see any coordinated effort to educate the people of the Western nations to accept one or the other of the rival approaches. The obvious danger of this situation is that it gives the Communist side ample scope for maneuver and for sowing dissension. If the Western powers enter a conference while their views are still at variance, the Communists have only to propose terms which are acceptable to one group but unwelcome to the other to create major differences among their adversaries. With these considerations in mind it is as well to look at the implications of a cease-fire in Korea from the two points of view.

Once the Korean war has been brought to an end, the United Nations will have fulfilled its task of repelling aggression and will not be involved in the further problems of the Far Eastern scene. The Formosan problem is an aftermath of the Chinese civil war, with which the U. N. was in no way concerned. The Indo-Chinese war is a rebellion against the rule of the French, with which neither France nor other member nations wished the U. N. to be concerned. The defense of Formosa against Communist China was undertaken by the United States, not by the U. N. If this issue is to be excluded from the conference on the ground that it has no connection with the Korean war, other member nations may hold that they are thereby freed to enter into such relations with Communist China as they choose. A limited conference dealing only with Korea would have the effect of disengaging the U. N. from the Far Eastern question without freeing the United States from its burdens there or bringing other nations in to share them.

PEACE in Korea alone would also leave the Chinese free to increase their aid to Viet Minh and thus achieve outright victory in Indo-China. If the West reacted by coming to the assistance of France with armed expeditions, the war in Korea would merely be transferred to a new scene, and one where Asian sentiment would be much more openly opposed to the West. The invasion of South Korea gave the U. N. a clear-cut case of aggression against which to rally the member states. Viet Minh's internal uprising cannot under any legal definition be described as aggression, and it is certain that the free nations of Asia would solidly oppose any attempt to invoke U. N. action against those whom they regard as fighting for freedom. U. N. intervention would thus be difficult to organize, and there is no certainty that it would be more effective in crushing Viet Minh than it has been in reuniting Korea. In each case the real opponent who must be overcome is China, and China can only be adequately coerced by action against its own territory. The arguments against such action are twofold: first, that the risks of thereby causing a third world war are very great, and second, that the coercion of China would be an unlimited liability.

A peace limited to an armistice in Korea thus offers no prospect of stability but might well lead to further troubles which the West would find difficult to counter with the same solidarity as has been achieved in Korea. The alternative, an attempt to arrive at a general settlement in the Far East, is also fraught with difficulty and holds forth no certain promise of success. In the first place the West must make one large assumption for which there is no satisfactory evidence either for or against: that the Communist powers are really willing to negotiate such a settlement and not merely ready to waste time—or gain time—by long and fruitless conferences. But unless we are going to abandon any hope of a peaceful settlement, which means resigning ourselves to the certainty of an ultimate war, we must be prepared to test the sincerity of the Communist side by consenting to a conference, and the armistice in Korea is the best opportunity so far offered.

Assuming that the terms of the armistice in Korea safeguard the territory of South Korea, we might strive to achieve the reunification of the country by means of a Korean Conciliation Commission under neutral chairmanship, but we would have to be ready to accept the actual fact of partition if such a commission failed in its purpose. In respect of China we could grant recognition and a seat in the United Nations in order to win Peking's acceptance of the status quo in Formosa. We should have to make it plain to the Nationalist regime that in return for such a guaranty of its existence it must renounce its guerrilla attacks upon the coast and abandon any hope of invading the mainland. The possibility of holding, at a future date, a plebiscite in Formosa under U. N. auspices to determine the future of the regime there should not be ruled out as a maximum concession. We should naturally, as a condition of peace, lift all embargo measures against trade with Communist China, including Japanese trade.

THE FACT that Chinese troops have not overtly taken part in the Indo-Chinese war makes a settlement there somewhat easier. China recognizes Viet Minh, as does Russia, and it would be clearly hopeless to expect the Communist powers to withdraw their moral support from their protégé. The Asian neutral states do not recognize the Associated States, since they do not accept them as truly independent powers. The lines of a compromise which would either divide Indo-China into Communist and non-Communist wholly independent states or arrange a fusion of the opposed regimes might be worked out. It is fairly clear that the role of France would be much reduced, perhaps until it resembled that of Holland in Indonesia today. If the states of Indo-China then became members of the U. N., upon which we should insist as a quid pro quo for Communist China's admission, they would be safeguarded against aggression, or would at least be assured of Western aid if threatened.

## The Core of Mr. Fitzgerald's Proposals

*Korea.* Reunification through a Korean Conciliation Commission under neutral chairmanship or, if this fails, acceptance by both sides of partition.

*Formosa.* Status quo, with possible ultimate plebiscite to determine the island's future allegiance.

*Indo-China.* Division into wholly independent Communist and non-Communist states or, as an alternative, a fusion of existing regimes, with France's role in the area greatly reduced.

*Communist China.* Diplomatic recognition and admission to the U. N.



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Some of these proposals would be very unpalatable to Western opinion both in France and in America, but it cannot be said that they are terms of surrender. They would at least assure a breathing space in the Far East during which the realities of power in that region would become clear. Japan is gaining strength as its recovery progresses, and before long it will be once more a potent factor. Once China is no longer engaged in a war which it has taught itself to think of as one of self-defense it might take up its vast program of industrialization, and if this were to some extent dependent on Western imports and on Japanese industry its incentives to keep the peace would be much stronger. Communist theorists may still look forward to the "liberation" of Southeast Asia, but the Chinese people, reassured by a stable settlement on their frontiers and freed from the threat of renewed civil war from Formosa, will not be so easily induced to support military adventures in distant countries.

Should the basic assumption, that the Communist side is willing to negotiate a settlement, prove false, the West will be no worse off than it is today, will indeed be in a much stronger moral position to face the cataclysm that may be in store. Whatever may be said of the wisdom or folly of the Munich agreements, it is at least certain that in 1938 the British people were in no way morally prepared to fight Hitler; they had not yet been convinced that peace was impossible. In 1939, after Chamberlain had gone to the limits of concession, and farther, the British people had no hesitation and no remorse. Hitler's mistake in believing that appeasement meant surrender led him through triumph to complete disaster; we need not assume that the Communist leaders cannot read recent history.

# AUBREY WILLIAMS

## Symbol of a New South . . . *by Alfred Maund*

*Montgomery, Ala.*

WE WERE seated around a table in a garden, the remains of a picnic supper before us. Our host, Aubrey Williams, told an anecdote about Senator McKellar. The truculent Tennesseean had been unhappy about the size of the staff of the National Youth Administration, of which Williams was administrator in 1935-39. "'How many lawyers do you have?' he asked me at this budget hearing, and I said, 'Fourteen.' 'How many words are there in the law setting up the N. Y. A.?' he asked. I said I didn't know. The showy old so-and-so made the clerk count them. He came up with some total—fifteen hundred words, maybe. McKellar made him divide that by fourteen. Then he said to me, 'It seems, Mr. Williams, that you have a lawyer for every 100 words of the law. I find it hard to believe that the law is that complex.'"

Everyone laughed. Then a professor of some social science or other at the University of Alabama asked, "When was this?"

"Oh, about '38 or '39."

"Toward the end, then," the professor murmured and seemed to jot down, mentally, some sort of note. I was angered—perhaps wrongly. I could not help feeling that Williams was being regarded as a relic from the theoretically interesting New Deal era.

*Aubrey Williams*

I have heard it said that "Aubrey Williams never got over his taste of power in the New Deal, or his sudden descent from Presidential favor." I know little about his government career—I was a beneficiary of the N. Y. A. at the time. I have been told, also, that a Presbyterian minister from Montgomery led a delegation to Washington to protest his nomination as N. Y. A. administrator on the ground that he was "too socialistic."

I first met Aubrey Williams last year in Columbia, South Carolina, at an interracial youth conference arranged by the Southern Conference Educational Fund, of which he is president. Tall, gaunt, in a loose black overcoat, slow and laconic in speech, he made one think of Abraham Lincoln—the more so in the way he wittily tormented and awed the very intense newspaper reporter who could not understand how a decent Southerner could speak harshly of Governor Byrnes.

Aubrey Williams, I learned, is not a fossil but a very living figure. As publisher and editor of the *Southern Farm and Home,* with a circulation of nearly a million, he puts out the only farm magazine that challenges the fertilizer and implement trusts, that mentions the Negro and his problems, that espouses the United Nations. For such impiety he is deprived of the national advertising that is the reward of better housebroken editors, but by vigorous effort he survives.

In other business enterprises he has

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been as daring. No one in Birmingham would build housing for Negroes because they were "poor credit risks." Williams obtained some Northern capital and built. The success of the undertaking was so outstanding that local real-estate interests rushed into similar ventures.

Williams was president of the Alabama Farmers' Union until its charter was rescinded in 1951 by the National Farmers' Union because membership had fallen below the constitutionally set minimum. "It was a hard time to organize farmers," he has said. "We'd try to set up a co-op to guarantee $2.40 a bushel for potatoes, but potatoes were bringing $3.60 on the open market." He traveled all over the deep South in behalf of the N. F. U. When he named some of the towns in Louisiana, my home state, in which he made organizing speeches, I shuddered.

Against the Dixiecrat surge that stole Alabama's electoral votes in 1948 Williams stood fast, making radio and stump speeches damning the movement. As president of the Southern Conference Educational Fund he heads the only South-wide organization of whites and Negroes which categorically condemns racial segregation. In 1951 the Alabama branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People gave him a citation for his contribution to race relations. At the Democratic convention in Chicago last year he testified in favor of a strong Fair Employment Practices plank, saying that he was unable to hire skilled Negro labor because of the opposition of the typographical union in his plant.

Montgomery, "Cradle of the Confederacy," is a locale inhospitable to sanguine liberalism. "The average Negro's life here is worth less than a dog's," Williams said bitterly. Only a few days before a Negro tenant farmer had come to him with this story: The farmer had gone to the registrar's office to sign up to vote. The registrar told him he better forget the whole idea if he knew what was good for him. The farmer left. The next day he went fishing. Two white men carrying rifles appeared. He started running through the woods toward his home. They followed at an angle, as if to cut him off. He outran them, but as he crossed the last hundred yards of clearing to his house they fired a threatening farewell shot past his head.

Williams sharply criticized Negro leadership in the area. No Negro college president in Alabama, he said, will permit speakers on the campus to attack segregation. Most Negro educators and other professional men refuse to join any movement working to eliminate it. Although Williams enjoys many friends in the Negro community, he is considered a "dangerous man" by as many more.

"If the Supreme Court outlaws segregation in the school system I expect the people around here will burn our house down for lack of anything else to do," he said. "Only yesterday I had to go ten blocks out of my way to get a haircut. Don't tell my family this, but when I walked into the biggest barbershop in town, every barber in the place turned his back—they didn't want my business."

He accepts this hostility as the natural consequence of his opposition to a morally bankrupt status quo. Out of a sober optimism that cannot envisage a South where the social views he holds do not have at least a fighting chance, he believes they will eventually prevail.

# GARBAGE COLLECTOR

## A Short Story . . *by Ray Bradbury*

THIS is how his work was: he got up at five in the cold dark morning and washed his face with warm water if the heater was working and cold water if the heater was not working. He shaved carefully, talking out to his wife in the kitchen, who was fixing ham and eggs or pancakes or whatever it was that morning. By six o'clock he was driving on his way to work alone, and parking his car in the big yard where all the other men parked their cars as the sun was coming up. The colors of the sky that time of morning were orange and blue and violet and sometimes very red and sometimes yellow or a clear color like water on white rock. Some mornings he could see his breath on the air and some mornings he could not. But as the sun was still rising he knocked his fist on the side of the green truck, and his driver, smiling and saying hello, would climb in the other side of the truck and they would drive out into the great city and go down all the streets until they came to the place where they started work.

Sometimes, on the way, they stopped for black coffee and then went on, the warmness in them. And they began to work, which meant that he jumped off in front of each house and picked up the garbage cans and brought them back and took off their lids and knocked them against the bin edge, which made the orange peels and cantaloupe rinds and coffee grounds fall out and thump down and begin to fill the empty truck. There were always steak bones and the heads of fish and pieces of green onion and stale celery. If the garbage was new it wasn't so bad, but if it was very old it was bad. He was not sure if he liked the job or not, but it was a job and he did it well, talking about it a lot at some times and sometimes not thinking of it in any way at all. Some days the job was wonderful, for you

*Copyright, 1953, by Ray Bradbury. The author's latest book is "Golden Apples of the Sun," published by Doubleday.*



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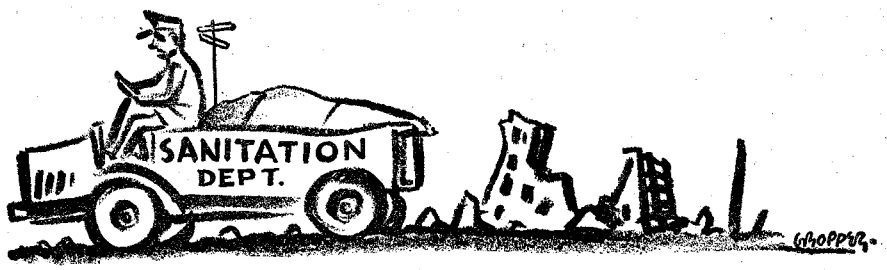
were out early and the air was cool and fresh until you had worked too long and the sun got hot and the garbage steamed early. But mostly it was a job significant enough to keep him busy and calm and looking at the houses and cut lawns he passed by and seeing how everybody lived. And once or twice a month he was surprised to find that he loved the job and that it was the finest job in the world.

It went on just that way for many years. And then suddenly the job changed for him. It changed in a single day. Later he often wondered how a job could change so much in such a few short hours.

HE WALKED into the apartment and did not see his wife or hear her voice, but she was there, and he walked to a chair and let her stand away from him, watching him as he touched the chair and sat down in it without saying a word. He sat there for a long time. "What's wrong?" At last her voice came through to him. She must have said it three or four times. "Wrong?" He looked at this woman and, yes, it was his wife all right, it was someone he knew, and this was their apartment with the tall ceilings and the worn carpeting. "Something happened at work today," he said. She waited for him. "On my garbage truck, something happened." His tongue moved dryly on his lips, and his eyes shut over his seeing until there was all blackness and no light of any sort and it was like standing alone in a room when you got out of bed in the middle of a dark night. "I think I'm going to quit my job. Try to understand." "Understand!" she cried. "It can't be helped. This is all the strangest damned thing that ever happened to me in my life."

He opened his eyes and sat there, his hands feeling cold when he rubbed his thumbs and forefingers together, "The thing that happened was strange." "Well, don't just sit there!" He took part of a newspaper from the pocket of his leather jacket. "This is today's paper," he said. "December 10, 1951. Los Angeles *Times* Civil Defense Bulletin. It says they're building radios for our garbage trucks." "Well, what's so bad about a little music?" "No music, you don't understand. No music." He opened his rough hand and drew with one clean fingernail, slowly, trying to




put everything there where he could see it and she could see it. "In this article the mayor says they'll put sending and receiving apparatus on every garbage truck in town." He squinted at his hand. "After the atom bombs hit our city, those radios will talk to us. And then our garbage trucks will go pick up the bodies." "Well, that seems practical. When—" "The garbage trucks," he said, "go out and pick up all the bodies." "You can't just leave bodies around, can you? You've got to take them and—" His wife shut her mouth very slowly. She blinked, one time only, and she did this very slowly also. He watched that one slow blink of her eyes. Then, with a turn of her body, as if someone else had turned it for her, she walked to a chair, paused, thought how to do it, and sat down, very straight and still. She said nothing. He listened to his wrist watch ticking, but with only a small part of his attention.

At last she laughed. "They were joking!" He shook his head. He felt his head moving from left to right and from right to left, as slowly as everything else had happened. "No. They put a receiver on my truck today. They said, at the alert, if you're working, dump your garbage anywhere. When we radio you, get in there and haul out the dead." Some water in the kitchen boiled over loudly. She let it boil for five seconds and then held the arm of the chair with one hand and got up and found the door and went out. The boiling sound stopped. She stood in the door and then walked back to where he still sat, not moving, his head in one position only.

"It's all blueprinted out. They have squads, sergeants, captains, corporals, everything," he said. "We even know where to bring the bodies." "So you've been thinking about it all day," she said. "All day since this morning. I thought: Maybe now I don't want to be a garbage collector any more. It used to be Tom and me had fun with a kind of game. You got to do that. Garbage is bad. But if you work at it you can make a game. Tom and me did that. We watched people's garbage. We saw what kind they had. Steak bones in rich houses, lettuce and orange peel in poor ones. Sure it's silly, but a guy's got to make his work as good as he can and worth while or why in hell do it? And you're your own boss, in a way, on a truck. You get out early in the morning and it's an outdoor job, anyway; you see the sun come up and you see the town get up, and that's not bad at all. But now, today, all of a sudden it's not the kind of job for me any more."

HIS WIFE started to talk swiftly. She named a lot of things and she talked about a lot more, but before she got very far he cut gently across her talking. "I know, I know, the kids and school, our car, I know," he said. "And bills, and money and credit. But what about that farm Dad left us? Why can't we move there, away from cities? I know a little about farming. We could stock up, hole in, have enough to live on for months if anything happened." She said nothing. "Sure, all of our friends are here in town," he went on reasonably. "And movies and shows and the kids' friends, and—" She took a deep breath. "Can't we think it over a few more days?" "I don't know. I'm afraid of that. I'm afraid if I think it over, about my truck and my new work, I'll get used to it. And, O Christ, it just doesn't seem right a man, a human being, should ever let himself get used to any idea like that." She shook her head slowly, looking at the windows, the gray walls, the dark pictures on the walls. She tightened her hands. She started to open her mouth. "I'll think tonight," he said. "I'll stay up awhile. By morning I'll know what to do." "Be careful with the children. It wouldn't be good, their knowing all this."

"I'll be careful." "Let's not talk any more, then I'll finish dinner!" She jumped up and put her hands to her



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face and then looked at her hands and at the sunlight in the windows. "Why, the kids'll be home any minute." "I'm not very hungry." "You got to eat, you just got to keep on going." She hurried off, leaving him alone in the middle of a room where not a breeze stirred the curtains, and only the gray ceiling hung over him with a lonely bulb unlit in it. He massaged his face with both hands. He got up and stood alone in the dining-room door and walked forward and felt himself sit down and remain seated in a dining-room chair. He saw his hands spread on the white tablecloth, open and empty. "All afternoon," he said, "I've thought." She moved through the kitchen, rattling silverware, crashing pans against the silence that was everywhere. "Wondering," he said, "if you put the bodies in the trucks lengthwise or endwise, with the heads on the right, or the feet on the right. Men and women together, or separated? Children in one truck, or mixed with men and women? Dogs in special trucks, or just let them lay? Wondering how many bodies one garbage truck can hold. And wondering if you stack them on top of each other and finally knowing you must just have to. I can't figure it. I can't work it out. I try, but there's no guessing, no guessing at all how many you could stack in one single truck."

He sat thinking of how it was late in the day at his work, with the truck full and the canvas pulled over the great bulk of garbage so the bulk shaped the canvas in an uneven mound. And how it was if you suddenly pulled the canvas back and looked in. And for a few seconds you saw the white things like macaroni or noodles, only the white things were alive and boiling up, millions of them. And when the white things felt the hot sun on them they simmered down and burrowed and were gone in the lettuce and the old ground beer and the coffee grounds and the heads of white fish.

After ten seconds of sunlight the white things that looked like noodles or macaroni were gone and the great bulk of garbage silent and not moving, and you drew the canvas over the bulk and looked at how the canvas folded unevenly over the hidden collection, and underneath you knew it was dark again, and things beginning to move as they must always move when things got dark.

He was still sitting there in the empty room when the front door of the apartment burst wide. His son and daughter rushed in, laughing, and saw him sitting there, and stopped.

Their mother ran to the kitchen door, held to the edge of it quickly, and stared at her family. They saw her face and they heard her voice:

"Sit down, children, sit down!" She lifted one hand and pushed it toward them. "You're just in time."

# MAN OF DISTINCTION

## The Distillers Like Velde . . . *by Richard S. Lewis*

*Peoria, Ill.*

THERE is hardly a more substantial Republican redoubt in the Middle West than the Eighteenth Congressional District of Illinois, a prosperous industrial region in the valley of the Illinois River. The district has been sending an unbroken line of Republicans to Congress for forty years. Its present representative is Harold Himmel Velde, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Velde occupies the House seat vacated five years ago by Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen.

Velde and Dirksen have become commanding figures in the post-war resurgence of the G. O. P.'s right wing. Both reflect the economic point of view and political purpose of the district's Republican organization, which independents and liberal Republicans believe is as reactionary a district machine as one can find in Illinois. Both come from the city of Pekin, a market place and manufacturing center of 22,000. Pekin is part of the district's industrial hub, which is dominated by Peoria a dozen miles away. The manufacturing and liquor interests of this hub have ruled the district for half a century with the support of the upland farmers, who constitute a dependable Republican majority.

But in spite of their common political environment, Velde and Dirksen have strikingly dissimilar political techniques. Dirksen is of the old school with its tradition of defending the status quo. He is a spellbinder, and his oratory is old-fashioned political evangelism. This appeals to the farmers but has little effect on the factory workers, most of whom don't vote for him. He performs most successfully on a wooden platform on a warm night, with the perspiration glistening on his face under the floodlights, his hair disheveled and his arms raised in supplication, exultation, or despair. While it is frequently difficult to remember just what he said, the emotion a Dirksen speech generates stays with the listeners long after they have gone home.

Compared to the Golden Throat of Illinois Republicanism, Velde is tongue-tied. His platform attitude is somewhat like that of a country sheriff explaining a charge against a chicken thief. He is a perfunctory handshaker, and his personal campaigning tends to be drab. But district leaders say that while Dirksen talks Velde acts.

Velde's aggressive crusade against political heresy is something new in the district, which has usually been satisfied if its representatives promised a reasonable amount of federal patronage and pork-barrel legislation. Velde's committee hearings have attracted much more attention than Dirksen's declamations, the valley voters have noted. Some have watched him widen his attack on teachers and churchmen with growing

*RICHARD S. LEWIS is on the staff of the Chicago* Sun-Times.



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apprehension. Now and then one of his fellow-townsmen speaks out in protest. Such a one was Velde's pastor, the Reverend Joseph H. Albrecht of Pekin's First Methodist Church, who characterized the Congressman's promise to hunt for subversives in the churches as a threat to democratic institutions.

Velde's rise to the chairmanship of the Un-American Activities Committee does not appear to have strengthened his position in the district; instead it has provided a focus for the opposition of members of his own party. Independent Republicans have been supporting Velde's Democratic opponents in the last two Congressional elections, but this anti-Velde united front has not made much headway against the dominant habit of voting a straight party ticket. The independent Republicans are determined to bench him in the 1954 primary, the only practical way of retiring a Republican from elective office in the Eighteenth Congressional District.

VELDE IS forty-three years old, tall, handsome, and usually unsmiling. He was born in Springlake Township near Pekin, of German ancestry. After graduating from Northwestern University and later studying law, he joined an uncle in the Pekin law firm of Prettyman and Velde.

In World War II Velde enlisted in the Signal Corps but was called from the ranks to join the sabotage and counter-espionage section of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with which he remained through the war. When he left the F. B. I. he returned to Pekin, where as a veteran and lawyer with substantial family background he found it easy to enter politics. Elected county judge in 1946, he presided over probate and insanity hearings until Dirksen's decision to retire, temporarily, from Congress in 1948 left Pekin Republicans without a candidate to run in the primary.

As a matter of civic pride and practical foresight Pekin politicians compete vigorously with Peoria for the district's representative in Congress. A group of Pekin men, including F. F. McNaughton, publisher of the Pekin *Daily Times,* and Dirksen, decided to back Velde as Dirksen's successor. Four other candidates filed, and Velde found himself in the middle of a five-man Republican primary which so split up the vote that anything could happen. His strongest opponents were two religious leaders who had the "church vote"—the support of those who wage unceasing battle against liquor, vice, and gambling in Peoria and Pekin.

*Representative Velde*

At first not many Republicans considered Velde a serious contender. Then organization support appeared behind him, and his campaign blossomed out with all the trimmings. Adopting the slogan, "Get the Reds out of Washington and Washington out of the red," he toured the district and discoursed on the evils of communism, socialism, and the Fair Deal.

It was during this campaign that one of Velde's backers launched an attack on the clergy in the candidate's behalf. A letter issued from Velde's campaign headquarters and signed by the late W. H. De Garis, then chairman of the board of the Illinois Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, warned the liquor industry that it had better support Velde or the district might send a "preacher" to Congress. Since the Peoria-Pekin area contains one of the largest concentrations of liquor manufacturing in the world, the warning had force. The letter exhorted "all tavern keepers, distributors, distilleries, and everyone connected with the liquor industry" to "wake up" and prevent a dry from going to Congress. "We know that Judge Velde will protect our interests," it added.

There is dispute as to De Garis's actual role in the campaign. Some Republicans say he was Velde's campaign manager, but others say he acted on his own in lining up the liquor industry to back Velde, who was supported by other valley industries from steel products to punch boards. Organized labor, independents, and "church people" opposed him. This alignment still continues.

The two clergymen split the independents in the primary and Velde squeaked through to win the nomination. In the election Velde carried the district by a plurality of 4,964 votes out of 118,340 cast for major party candidates. He lost in his own county of Tazewell and in his home town of Pekin.

In the Eighty-first Congress, Velde opposed economic aid to Korea, extension of the E. C. A., extension of rent control and public housing. He voted for cuts in federal spending, additional farm-price supports, reduction of commodity-speculation controls, and cuts in arms to Europe. In the Eighty-second Congress his voting followed the same pattern—for cuts in economic aid to Europe, ending consumer price controls, use of the Taft-Hartley act to end the steel strike, overriding President Truman's veto of the omnibus immigration act, and farm-price supports at 90 per cent of parity.

The Un-American Activities Committee now takes up all of his time. People in the district were amused when he confused Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, wife of the chairman of the board of the Washington *Post,* with a Mrs. Mayer in British Columbia, and when he proposed that the Librarian of Congress compile a list of subversive material in the library's millions of volumes. But his attack on non-conforming clergymen struck a sour note back home.

It is evident now that some of Velde's backers are dropping away, especially the group headed by McNaughton. The publisher's son, John T. McNaughton, ran as Velde's Democratic opponent last fall and was swamped in the Eisenhower landslide. Velde's supporters believe that he will become politically invincible if he can prevent future slips. But they are also aware that he will never control the district organization as long as Dirksen is around as senior partner.

The movement in Pekin and Peoria to retire Velde from Congress is growing. If he runs for reelection, his opponents are prepared to meet him in the primary with a weapon he has forged for them himself—his record as chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.



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# BOOKS

## Sex without Love

*SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN FEMALE.* By Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard, Research Associates; and Others on the Staff of the Institute for Sex Research, Indiana University. W. B. Saunders Company. $8.

### By Hadley Cantril

AS NEARLY every reader of newspapers and magazines knows by now, the second Kinsey report is out. That the publication of a huge scientific tome of 842 pages makes news indicates the vast ignorance of most of us concerning the sexual behavior of our fellow human beings and our natural curiosity to check our own behavior against that of others in a world of experience which has remained guarded and private. How private this world is and how overlaid with both culturally and personally erected barriers of communication is reflected by the fact that there appears to be no common word in the English language, in the form of either a noun or a verb, that is used in polite conversation to describe the act of sexual intercourse. The word "coitus" found in the dictionary and used by Dr. Kinsey has a rather animalistic and scientific ring.

The book is another daring exploit by four dedicated scientists, who give us in this volume a summary of the answers of 5,940 white females to a battery of some three hundred questions. All the interviewing was done by the four co-authors; two of them completed over 80 per cent of the interviews, certainly a staggering piece of labor by anyone's standards. It is also not without significance that the work of Dr. Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research received financial aid from the Medical Sciences Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, which contributed its grants through a special committee set up by the National Research Council. To have two such august bodies lending guidance and support to studies of sex behavior is itself an event—an indication of how our norms have changed concerning areas of legitimate research.

The significance of Dr. Kinsey's report can only be truly evaluated after the passing of years. Some of the prepublication reviews in slick-paper magazines seemed to me grossly misleading. One reviewer concluded that women were not interested in sex; other reviewers said they knew all along what Dr. Kinsey and his co-workers meticulously had to discover for themselves; others have concentrated on the mass of minute statistical data provided. A review of the reviews may sometime make an interesting survey.

In spite of its bold title the book is restricted to a straightforward quantitative study—rather typical of current "behavioral research"—of the sexual behavior and practices of a sample of certain groups of women in the United States. The "sexual behavior" of females is described in the limited sense of the word, with such units of measurement as "erotic response," "coitus," "orgasm," and so on. As the authors themselves are careful to point out, the sample is definitely biased on what we might call the "sophisticated" side. However, readers of the book will also represent the more sophisticated sample of the population, and as the authors state, "the generalizations drawn for the sample may not be too far from the actuality for those segments of the American population."

As a social scientist I feel that the chief value of Kinsey's report is in giving us some insight into the role sexual behavior plays in the life of an individual human being. Dr. Kinsey and his co-authors are dealing here with one of the great and basic rhythms of life, a rhythm which is common to all normal human beings, male and female, but which each of us must cope with in his or her particular unique way.

Too often both the social scientist and the layman are apt to think in terms of an "average" man or woman. There is, of course, no such creature. The authors repeatedly warn us on this score:

> The record will have misled the reader if he fails to note this emphasis on the range of variation, and fails to realize that he or she probably does not fit any calculated medium or mean, and may in actuality depart to a considerable degree from all of the averages which have been presented. The difficulty lies in the fact that one has to deal with averages in order to compare the most characteristic aspects of two different groups, but such averages do not adequately emphasize the individual variation which is the most persistent reality in human sexual behavior.

PERHAPS we can better evaluate the larger meaning of Dr. Kinsey's figures if we think of sexual behavior as one of the normal transactions of life rather than as an isolated behavioral act. If we view living itself as an organism's attempt to create a set of conditions within which it can carry out its purposes, then we can begin to see the significance of the innumerable activities that are covered by the broad term "sexual behavior." Lying behind all such activities is the process the biologist calls "homeostasis," the tendency of the organism to achieve physiological equilibrium. The homeostatic processes concerned with sexual behavior, unlike those concerned with cellular reproduction, oxygen consumption, and the like, are of course accompanied by an emotional awareness. But for the human being there is far more to living than the maintenance of physiological equilibrium. A characteristic of being human is to have a capacity to appreciate satisfactions that have complex and subtle value overtones and that we describe by such words as friendship, companionship, devotion, love, hate, anger, lust, and envy. The way these value overtones are themselves experienced is in large part determined by the cultural and situational influences to which the particular individual is exposed.

The human being seems destined by his nature never to enjoy the full satisfaction of sexual behavior unless it is an interdependent aspect of that relationship between people we call "love"—

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a situation which exists when the satisfaction *another* person derives from experience is a crucially important and necessary aspect of the satisfaction you derive from *your own* experience. Sexual behavior, then, when limited to the purely reflexive processes that may bring orgasm obviously never provides the value overtones which individuals are ultimately seeking. Merely to achieve orgasm is a very different experience from achieving the full and mutual participation of the love relationship. And one cannot achieve this experience of love by traveling the road of sexual behavior on the emotional reflexive level in the hope that greater values will be at the other end. On the contrary, the history of mankind and the observations of its poets, philosophers, psychologists, and psychiatrists indicate that the height of sexual passion itself is reached only if one initiates sexual behavior at the top value level. The point is brought home in a remark which I believe is in one of Erskine Caldwell's books describing the philosophy of a girl of rather loose morals in a Southern town who said, "When I likes 'em I lets 'em; when I loves 'em I helps." And we remember that Juliet said to Romeo, "The more I give to thee, the more I have."

The authors do state that "what an individual does sexually will depend on the nature of the stimulus with which he or she comes into contact, on the physical and physiologic capacities of the individual to respond to that stimulus, and on the nature and extent of the individual's previous experience with similar stimuli." The point I wish to make and the point that Dr. Kinsey and his co-workers have not yet got to in their studies is that the "nature of the stimulus" is in large part a creation of the individual who is being stimulated and that the particular significance he assigns to particular tactile sensations varies enormously according to the particular orchestration of behavior—including value relationships and purposes as well as reflexes and blood pressure—of which tactile sensations are only one aspect. While Dr. Kinsey and his co-workers hold out the hope that they will later consider more thoroughly problems of motivation and attitude, it is perhaps not without significance that the word "love" is not found in the index of the present volume on sexual behavior. To get at all the factors an individual takes into account when he indulges in any form of sexual behavior is more than a matter of emphasis and will require an entirely new kind of methodological approach designed to uncover all the influences, from the simple reflexive level to the highest value level, that operate in the unique behavioral situation constituted by any sexual activity.

ONE OF THE fascinating threads to follow through the chapters is the way women have to learn how to achieve increasing sexual satisfaction. Only about 5 per cent of the sample indicated that they had received anything more than very casual information from parents or religious instruction. Learning has to come through one's own experiences. Ninety per cent of the women had petting experiences prior to marriage, two-thirds of the married women had experienced orgasm prior to marriage, nearly 50 per cent had had coitus before marriage. In the light of Dr. Kinsey's total picture, and of the fact that more than three-fourths of the married women who had had pre-marital coitus expressed no regret, the evidence is clear that the earlier sex relationships with their problems and frustrations can be regarded both by the individual and by society at large as opportunities for sexual development and for increasing the sense of personal responsibility accompanying personal choice. To learn how to choose and how to achieve greater satisfactions, an individual must experience the consequences of his own actions.

If we consider sexual behavior as an aspect of the total transaction of living in which human beings are trying to work out conditions that will constantly enrich the *quality* of their experiences, Dr. Kinsey's findings appear intrinsically reasonable and begin to fit together into more of a pattern than emerges from the rather strictly biological framework of the book. As the individual has increasingly valueful hetero-sexual experiences within the social and legal framework as a result of the affection, respect, and sense of obligation that most marriages do seem to nurture, other sources of gratification begin to dwindle. When such conditions cannot be found, then erotic stimulation and orgasm continue to be obtained in other ways.

In this second book the authors make clear their own impatience with current legalities, and the footnotes in the book describing the laws in some states are eye-openers:

It is not to be forgotten that our sex laws and public opinion are so far out of accord with common and everyday patterns of sexual behavior that many persons might become involved in social or legal difficulties if their sexual histories became publicly known.

But Dr. Kinsey has not yet by any means squarely faced the problem of acquiring a sense of responsibility—which is, to repeat, always the other side of the coin *if* one looks on sexual behavior as something more than coitus.

It takes two sexes to carry on the business of our human social organization; but men will never learn to get along better with women, or women with men, until each understands the other as they are and not as they hope or imagine them to be. We cannot believe that social relations between the sexes, and sexual relations in particular, can ever be improved if we continue to be deluded by the long-standing fictions about the similarities, identities, and differences which are supposed to exist between men and women.

The authors have made bold and im-


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portant beginnings in their two published books. If in their further studies they can shed light on the significance of the sexual behavior of men and women as human beings endowed with the capacity to experience love, devotion, sacrifice, choice, responsibility, guilt, anxiety, and frustration rather than as males and females having erotic experiences through petting, masturbating, homosexuality, or coitus, then they will truly be on their way to contributions of even greater social and scientific importance.

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"The China Tangle," by Herbert Feis, will be reviewed by O. Edmund Clubb.


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# New Books in Brief

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The first twelve titles of this series concern Degas, El Greco, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Matisse, Cézanne, Botticelli, the French Impressionists, Dufy, Van Gogh, Utrillo, and Rembrandt. Twelve other titles are announced for the near future. These superb little books give many times their value in their texts, abundance of illustrations, and the quality and size of their twenty color plates, six of which double or even treble the size of the page by use of the double spread or the folded sheet. There are twenty supplementary illustrations of excellent quality in black and white. Although the books measure less than five by seven inches, ingenious layout has made it possible to include varied shapes of picture without resort to cropping (with a very few exceptions).

The introductory essays and commentaries on individual works are well written and though addressed to a very general audience are marked by a high degree of intelligence and perceptiveness. The writers include Professor Wilhelm Koehler of Harvard (Rembrandt), Daniel Catton Rich of the Art Institute of Chicago (Degas), Clement Greenberg (Matisse), and Theodore Rousseau, Jr., curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Cézanne). A less well-known writer, Sam Hunter, formerly critic for the New York *Times*, has produced, within the necessary sharp limits of space, a brilliant and incisive account of Toulouse-Lautrec.

It would be irrelevant if not impudent to criticize the color plates from the standard, say, of Abrams's ten-dollar series of monographs, though the cover, on glossy paper, is of similarly high quality. Otherwise the plates are on soft stock which dilutes their intensity and is especially hostile to dark pictures. Pastels (Degas) and paintings in high-keyed flat tones (Lautrec) come through much better.

The important thing to consider about these books is not their technical shortcomings but the influence they may very well have in bringing the work of great artists to a vast new public, and bringing it in an intelligent and dignified way. They should help to raise the general cultural level, as some of the drugstore art books with their leering biographical commentary have not been able to do. We wish this new series success in all quarters, including drugstores.

## "The Language of the Center"

*PURITY OF DICTION IN ENGLISH VERSE.* By Donald Davie. Oxford. $3.

Donald Davie, an Irishman from Trinity College, Dublin, is not only a profoundly perceptive reader but one who believes that the normal resources of urbane English are adequate to the discussion of English literature. Too many of our critics seem bent on anatomizing literature into a technical glossary whose basic principle is a distrust of the very language in whose gardens they peep and botanize.

Davie begins with a reexamination of the currently unfashionable late-eighteenth-century poets. Acknowledging ours as an age of romantic (extravagant) diction and granting that sort of diction its own merits, he asks if there are not certain pleasures in poetry for which we have forgotten to look—the kind one finds, for example, in the precision and rightness of Sam Johnson's line: "For such the steady Romans shook the world." After a careful and rewarding examination of many examples, Davie


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evolves a definition and a theory of pure, or "chaste," diction. The elements of a chaste diction in his mind are, first, economy and aptness in the use of metaphor, and second, in Arnold's phrase, "the language of the center"—that is, neither extravagant idiosyncrasy nor common speech but the perfection of common speech attuned to the precision of urbane prose, and so used as to revivify the root metaphors of the language. He is arguing, that is, with Valéry for the purification of the language of the tribe.

Davie is not an original critic in the sense that he generates new concepts of literature. What distinguishes him is the forceful and pleasant presence of mind in all he does. If he is the child of the new—not necessarily New—criticism, he is also one of those who bring it to maturity.

## Geologist and Poet

*CONVERSATION WITH THE EARTH. A GEOLOGIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.* By Hans Cloos. Translated from the German by E. B. Garside. Edited and Slightly Abridged by Ernst Cloos and Curt Dietz. Knopf. $5.75.

Geology is a difficult science to present in popular form because so many isolated facts have to be grasped before they can be put together in an intelligible picture. Since books for the layman are fewer in this field than in that of any of the other major sciences, the curious might well have a go at these informal observations by the late distinguished head of the geology department at the University of Bonn. Readers will find no systematic introduction to geology, but they will get a feel for the structure of mountains and plains and seas as phenomena having decipherable meanings, and they will also get glimpses of how a geologist goes about his job. Cloos writes with enthusiasm, passion, and a poet's grasp of his subject. His wide wanderings carried him to South Africa and the American Southwest.

## Duel of Spies

*LONDON CALLING NORTH POLE.* By H. J. Giskes. British Book Center. $3.50.

A curious episode in the duel of spies and counter-spies. In 1942 the author, while serving as chief of German military counter-espionage in the Low Countries, seized a British agent and persuaded him to continue acting as a radio link. He did so, presuming that London would realize he was under German control, since his instructions in case of capture had been to garble every sixteenth letter of his dispatches. But owing, apparently, to carelessness on the part of London, the warning went unnoticed, with the result that the Germans received much valuable information and were able to disrupt the British spy net.

## Seaside Society

*THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.* By Elizabeth Taylor. Viking. $3.

This is another of those charming and unimportant novels by the Perceptive School of English lady writers. Mrs. Taylor is a master of small and sensitive perceptions, as she again reveals in this tale of a perennial bachelor (who has married secretly), a heroine who has been recently widowed, an attractive neighbor, and English vacation society. There are very witty scenes here among


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the seaside ladies who are trying to keep young in the usual feminine ways; there are some touching moments between the widow and a son with whom she has no rapport. Mrs. Taylor is almost a first-rate talent, but it is a pity that her gifts are so much greater in these small episodes than in the larger matters of human character and experience. In her case we might say that the sum of the parts of the novel are greater than the whole; the book is highly entertaining, and far from good.


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# Theater

## Harold Clurman

SEEING Ethel Waters in her one-woman show (at the Forty-eighth Street Theater) and "Take a Giant Step" with its largely Negro cast (at the Lyceum), I was reminded of a story told about Bernard Shaw in the thirties. A visiting American who went to see Shaw was asked by him about the progress and problems of our Federal Theater Project. The American reported that among other difficulties there was some trouble in certain cities over white actors who objected to appearing with colored ones. Shaw remarked that he didn't blame the white actors. The American gasped at this heresy. "What chance has a white actor with a Negro actor beside him?" Shaw queried.

Negroes have a vividness and vitality on the stage all their own. They have in addition a remarkable sense of our spoken language, rare among any but a few Irish actors. English actors often speak well, but the excellence of their speech is more a matter of fine articulation and the design of sentences than gusto or the faculty to savor individual words. In the mouth of a good Negro actor English acquires a richness of timbre and a sensuousness which constitute the true music of speech.

Ethel Waters is a formidable woman. Above and beyond the peculiar racial characteristics, she possesses a wealth and depth of human experience more potent than talent itself. There are a goodly number of proficient actors on our stage, but precious few who are interesting people. And in acting, as in the other arts, real quality has its source and acquires significance through the human material from which it emerges. Ethel Waters strikes us not as a "performer" but as a force. She does not need to put anything over; she exists as an element. She is not "natural"; she is nature.

That is why I prefer her least "sensational" numbers. There are a purity of feeling and a subtlety of statement in her rendition of such spirituals as "Motherless Chile" and "Crucifixion" —which she retains in "Cabin in the Sky"—that surpass all her showmanship. In the other numbers she is tremendously clever, even when her vocal equipment fails her; in the spirituals she satisfies something greater than our need for entertainment.

SOMETHING OF that purity, a reduction to the most artless terms of basic human sentiments, may be found in young Louis Peterson's first play "Take a Giant Step," the portrayal of an eighteen-year-old Negro boy's first stumblings toward adult consciousness. It may be argued that this play offers nothing new: the scenes with the boy's parents, with the prostitutes, with his first woman, and with his white playmates—all these have been presented before in countless narratives of adolescence. Let those who argue in this vein be satisfied with the correctness of their statistics. They miss the point—and the pleasure. What is fresh and poignant in "Take a Giant Step" is the particular color, immediacy, and urgency of its feeling—a kind of emotional frankness, a wry naivete, and a rough goodness of heart that smack of something truly native, original in tone, and unmistakably lived.

That there are awkward, unfulfilled, and possibly even trite moments disturbs me very little. O'Casey isn't as adroit as Coward; O'Neill isn't as smart as the writers of our entertainment industries. Plays like "Take a Giant Step" enhance our understanding and love of American life. It is perhaps only a seed, but from such seeds flowers may grow. Most of show business is only window dressing. Our aversion to crudity in the theater is not a sign of taste; it is a commercial vice—inspired by the psychology of ticket agents and booking offices.

Though uneven, the production of "Take a Giant Step" is basically sound. Its most accomplished actor is Frederick O'Neal, a man of unusual resources, but unfortunately his part here is small. Jane White is handsome and distinguished. Practically everyone in the cast is sympathetic. In the central role Louis Gossett is particularly winning in his quieter and more relaxed moments. He



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does not command enough craftsmanship to manage the whole range of his difficult part with easy elasticity. But he gives us a warm sense of honesty and cleanness of spirit—invaluable assets in a play of this kind. One leaves the theater with the reassuring impression that there are still some sensitive and healthy folk among us. Too often we are oppressed by a feeling of being surrounded by abominably suave salesmen and tricksters.

# Music

## B. H. Haggin

IRVING KOLODIN'S "The Story of the Metropolitan Opera" (Knopf, $7.50) begins with a chapter, Patrons and Purposes, which tells how the social ambitions of the new millionaires of the eighties, who were denied boxes in the Academy of Music by the old millionaires, led them to build the Metropolitan Opera House and arrange to have opera produced in it, and describes the part these men and their successors played in the subsequent history of the building and the producing companies. The next chapter, House and Home, discusses the characteristics and defects of the building as a theater, and gives its history as a meeting-place of New York's aristocracy of wealth. Then comes the major portion of the book, Opera and Artists, with a season-by-season listing, description, and evaluation of operas, performing artists, and productions from the opening in 1883 through the season of 1951-52.

An unavoidable weakness of the book is that it must derive its evaluations of the early seasons from contemporary newspaper reviews by critics some of whom are no more worth reading now than they were then, and even the best of whom, W. J. Henderson, shakes one's confidence with his opinion that Verdi's "Don Carlo" was "both tuneless and unvocal" and "machine-made from beginning to end." Kolodin does his own evaluating of recent seasons; but I have described in this column some of the experiences with his critical writing that have made it not writing I would read for information about a work or performance.

A major defect of his earlier book on the Metropolitan was its endless descriptions of casts and changes of casts, which he justified by the fact that the book was intended as a factual record for reference purposes. The new book seems to me to have less of this material, possibly because the complete record is now available in the Seltsam book which simply gives all the casts in block style. But there is still too much, some of it concerned with appearances by obscure singers that are of no importance whatever. And whereas Seltsam's listings in block style are interesting to glance through, Kolodin's prose listings are made worse than boring by the quality of the prose.

Which brings us to a major defect of the book: the writing, and not just about casts. A man who perpetrates "The absence of Wagner during the war years blemished no opening," or "The complications of critical coverage of New York's music events prevented close attention to several new ventures that may be isolated in time, if not by quality," is plainly someone unable to use the English language; though things like "The unspirited if conscientious work [in "Louise"] of Fourestier, Parisian though he was, left as much dissatisfaction as the cool, collected singing of Kirsten, American though she was," or "Peace had [in 1945] indeed come to all theaters of war by fall, but not to all theaters of opera. The easy acceptance of incompetence [in the war years] now imposed a period of extrication to balance the one of implication," plainly reveal the writer's belief that he is turning out specimens of very fine writing and impressive thinking indeed. The pretentious gestures are like a woman's coquetries that presume the attractiveness she lacks; and they produce writing and thinking—especially in the passages of summation—that are sometimes difficult to make coherent sense of.

For me what is valuable in the book is the factual material of the opening


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James—age 13, picks cotton

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chapters. From the time I began to frequent the Metropolitan, in 1914, the public was given to understand that it was the princely generosity of the millionaire members of the Metropolitan Opera Company (the producing company, as distinguished from the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, the owner of the building), and above all of Otto Kahn, that made possible the continuation of opera there. But the fact is that opera at the Metropolitan earned a profit uninterruptedly from 1910 to 1930, and when the deficits began the millionaires of the Opera Company called on the public to make them up, retaining control but escaping financial responsibility through the transformation of the Company into the Metropolitan Opera Association. As for the $4,500 a boxholder paid each year, this was an assessment for maintenance of the building which the boxholders owned as members of the Real Estate Company; and since they received the use of the boxes instead of rent from the Opera Company, the $4,500 was in effect their payment for six box seats for every subscription performance of the season—which is to say it was not philanthropy but payment for value received.

All this is interesting in connection with Toscanini's leaving the Metropolitan in 1915. It is, characteristically, not clear whether Kolodin merely speculates that the reduced profit for the season of 1914-15 *would* have "argued for retrenchment on rehearsals, to which Toscanini would not accede," or he means that such a difficulty about rehearsals *did* occur; but he considers it certain that an unsatisfactory performance of "Carmen" "was the spark that ignited the explosion." My authoritative information is that the spark was Kahn's insistence that instead of five extra musicians being hired to play on stage in "The Masked Ball," five men be taken from the orchestra in the pit. Presumably this was not the first instance of the kind; and, as we have seen, it was not as though the money would have had to come out of Kahn's pocket.

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# Letters

## Bouquets for Mencken

*Dear Sirs:* You have made me very much your debtor. I found the Bouquets for Mencken [issue of September 12] of exceeding interest, and I congratulate you upon having conceived a notion alike so excellent and so equitable.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL
*Ophelia, Va.*

*Dear Sirs:* I wasn't among those you asked, but I too was a writer for the *American Mercury* in Mencken's time, and so was my husband, Maynard Shipley; and I can't refrain from adding my word to the tributes.

Mencken was unique in my long experience with editors. He could even turn down an article and leave you grateful instead of discouraged. I still have many of his short personal notes, every one of them full of the man himself. . . . Later I was able to give him a number of items for his various editions of "The American Language," and he was generous and scrupulous about using and accrediting them.

One thing that nobody mentioned was the priceless encouragement he gave a group of prison writers in the '20's.

I hate to think of Mencken as disabled and retired. He was more than "the incomparable editor"; he was the inspiration and the guide of all my generation of writers.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD
*San Francisco, Cal.*

*Dear Sirs:* A few weeks ago you marked the seventy-third birthday of H. L. Mencken. It was not fitting at the time that I join the festivities: as the author of "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken" I am widely regarded as one of his detractors. However, I would like to add my own peculiar bouquet to the rest.

I have always been, and am still, deeply devoted to the gentleman. But he wanted me to write of him as I saw him. And I saw him as a reprobate—lovable, to be sure, and inspired, but still a reprobate.

Why he put up with my impertinence I don't know. I suspect it was because, to some extent, he agreed with me.

In the long pull his contributions may be swallowed up in the stream of history, but his character with all its paradoxes is immortal. Like Dr. Johnson's, it will be written about for centuries to come.

*Alexandria, Va.* EDGAR KEMLER



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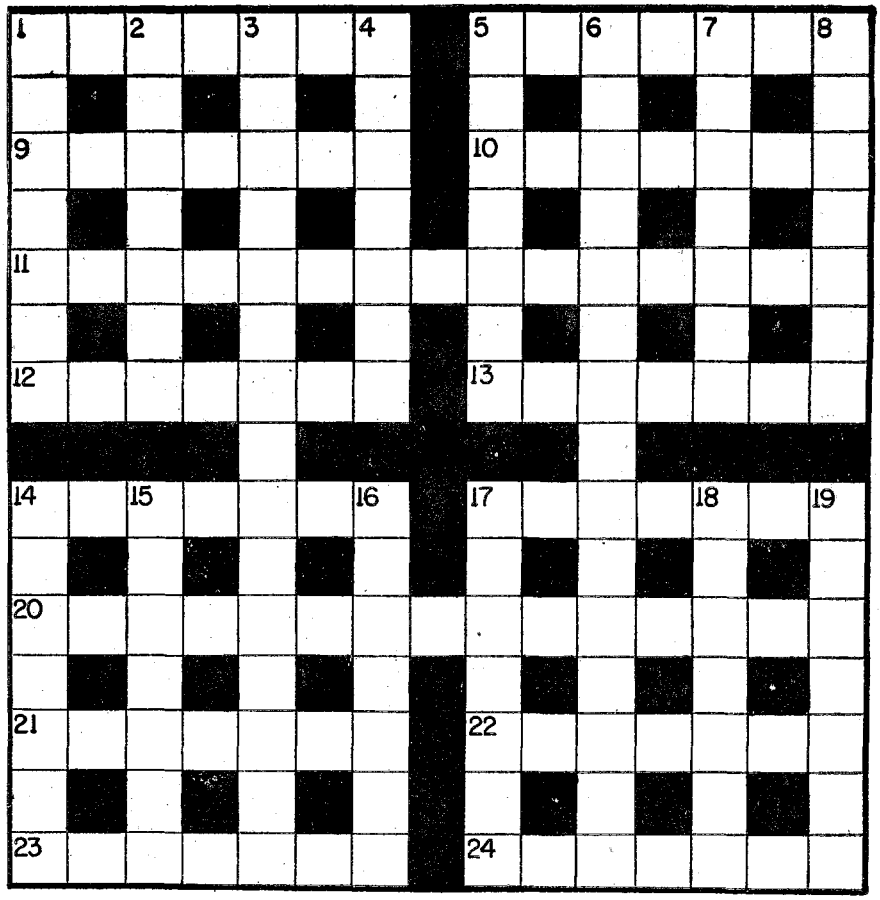
# Crossword Puzzle No. 536

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS

1 Rather undependable sort of car tire. (7)
5 Current notation given, as agreed. (7)
9 Irritation found with a disease. (7)
10 Costing something else when possessing knowledge. (7)
11 Ballad suggesting the location of James's horseman? (2, 3, 2, 3, 5)
12 Put up with a sort of uncovered Communist? (7)
13 Deletes a verb form implying cold drops. (7)
14 Dry-cleans for those who are used to dictation? (7)
17 Act like a moving van? (7)
20 Get tight on a split with rye—in the early morning, perhaps? (9, 6)
21 So-called lion-man. (7)
22 Busy little things right after the beginning of the Christmas season. (7)
23 Sort of help about a large number of those who take pains to give them. (7)
24 Sheets of fibers which sound edible. (7)

## DOWN

1 Fence. (7)
2 Sat with one's feet on the bar? (7)
3 Royal mutation? (3, 5, 2, 5)
4 Teased, like the end of 20. (7)
5 A heavenly body found above us. (7)
6 Should they be marked with daggers in dictionaries—being unpleasant? (5, 10)
7 It seems sort of tired to go to town! (7)
8 Arch, indeed! (7)
14 Gets out of bed, and straightens things out, perhaps. (7)
15 Traveled because of or despite water in the gas? (7)
16 Found as part of either office or grocery supplies. (7)
17 The place where, in retrospect, it's crazy to quit. (7)
18 "Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong the ——— right." Whittier. (7)
19 Asks for a hitch? (7)

• ✻ •

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 535**

ACROSS:—1 STRANGLE HOLDS; 10 GRAND; 11 INDONESIA; 12 POTBOILER; 13 DRAFT; 14 GERMAN LIEDER; 19 PHILANTHROPY; 22 LEASH; 24 OTHERWISE; 25 GRIEVANCE; 26 ENTRY; 27 SMALL POTATOES.

DOWN:—2 TRAITS; 3 ANDROMEDA; 4 GUILLEMOT; 5 EIDER; 6 OWNED; 7 DISCARDS; 9 BATTERY; 15 NORTHWEST; 16 IMPERFECT; 17 APOLOGY; 18 TITANIUM; 20 and 8 LITTLE EGYPT; 21 BERYL; 23 HOVEL; 24 OWN UP.

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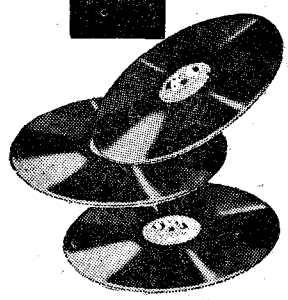

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